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A

G L I M P S E

OF

THE STATE OF THE NATION.

ON

The Twenty-Second of February, 1844.

(SECOND EDITION.)



A CURSORY GLIMPSE
OF
THE STATE OF THE NATION,
ON THE .
TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY, 1814,
BEING
THE EIGHTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY
OF
THE BIRTH OF WASHINGTON;

OR
A PHYSICO-POLITICO-THEOLOGICO,
LUCUBRATION
UPON THE WONDERFUL PROPERTIES
OF
NITROUS OXIDE,
OR THE NEWLY DISCOVERED EXHILARATING GAS,
in its effects upon
THE HUMAN MIND, AND BODY;
AS THEY WERE EXHIBITED, BY ACTUAL EXPERIMENT, ON
THE EVENING OF THE TWENTY-THIRD INSTANT.

PHILADELPHIA,
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1814.

THE following Paper upon THE STATE OF THE NATION,
was written and put to press—upon the spur of the occasion, in the abstract, allegorical manner, of the Tatlers, Spectators, and Guardians, of the last century; which are said to have had so great an effect upon public sentiment, in those unsettled times, as to have contributed, more than any thing else, to the prevalence of independent principles, and the quiet establishment of the Hanoverian family upon the vacant throne of the house of Stuart. But the intended conclusion has since assumed a more declamatory tone; which the critical reader is requested to excuse, as the apparent incongruity cannot now be corrected.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 23d. 1814.

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.—HORACE.

One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke;
The other out of smoke brings glorious light,
And (without raising expectation high)
Surprises us with dazzling miracles.—ROSCOMMON.

THE air of our atmosphere, it is well known to all persons acquainted with chymistry, consists of oxygen, and nitrogen, in the proportions of about twenty-one parts of the former to seventy-nine parts of the latter. It is highly probable that in the atmosphere, the two gases are not chymically combined; but exist, in a state of simple mixture, as when artificially mixed, in the above proportions, they exhibit all the general properties of atmospheric air. There are however three articles, dif-

ferring essentially from each other, which consist of oxygen, and hydrogen, in a state of chymical combination. These are nitric acid, nitric oxide, (nitrous air,) and nitrous oxide. The latter of these is always produced *by the decomposition of the former*, and is always, it is believed, an *artificial* production, as its natural formation has never been observed.—Nitric acid appears to be composed of about seventy parts of oxygen, combined with about thirty parts of nitrogen; nitric oxide of about thirty-seven parts of oxygen, and sixty-three of hydrogen. To procure nitrous oxide we must employ an agent, which will deprive nitric oxide of oxygen, or supply it with nitrogen, so as to bring to the exact proportions, the articles of which it is composed; and *present them to each other, under circumstances which will induce their combination.* This is readily effected by the decomposition of nitrate of ammonia. When this salt is submitted to a *proper degree of heat* (about 400° of Fahrenheit) *it is slowly decomposed*; the hydrogen of the ammonia *unites to a portion* of the oxygen of the nitric acid, and forms water, whilst the remaining oxygen of the acid, with its nitrogen, combines with the nitrogen of the ammonia, and forms nitrous oxide; which, existing in the gaseous form, may be collected in proper vessels.

In the preparation of nitrous oxide, there are two circumstances of essential importance to the obtaining of it, in a state of purity. Nitric acid, as it is found in commerce, is always contaminated with muriatic acid, *of this it must be deprived*, or a portion of *a very deleterious gas* (oxy muriatic acid) will be intermixed with the nitrous oxide.

Nitrous oxide supports combustion—a taper placed in it burns with considerable brilliancy—other combustibles are similarly affected, but its most distinguishing property is, its effect upon the human system, when inhaled by the mouth—an effect so singular, and so powerful, that it is still witnessed with astonishment, even by those who have had the most frequent opportunities of observing it; the exhilarating article being applied to an organ (the lungs) through which no such effect could be apprehended. It is at the same time so delightful, and passes off so suddenly, that it seems more like the effects ascribed to enchantment, than those producible by the intervention of any natural agent.

Passing a leisure moment, the other evening, at THE WASHINGTON hotel in Sixth-street, for the taverns and coffee-houses of the days of *Addison* and *Steele*, are with us converted into *inns* and *hotels*, and happening to cast my eye over Relf's Philadelphia Gazette, I chanced to observe that Dr. Jones's weekly lecture upon this interesting subject, was advertised *for the last time* this season. I immediately called for my hat and cane, and sallied forth to procure a ticket, and to inquire for Harmony court, at the corner of which, it seems, the learned doctor exhibits his supernatural experiments.*

* There are two Washington hotels, in this part of Sixth-street—it having been the immediate neighbourhood of the FIRST President of the United States, when he resided in Philadelphia. The one in question is now better known as a place of convenient rendezvous for sober citizens, and literary loungers, on account of its vicinity to the old State House, where the courts of law are still held, and the scientific collections in natural history are so advantageously exhibited by Mr. Peale. It has, however, been distinguished ever since the period of the presidential residence in this city, by a double sign,

The lecture room is an oblong of twenty feet by thirty, one end of which is separated from the physical apparatus, by a transverse writing-desk, behind which rise a dozen benches, in regular gradation, the entrance to which is barred across, to prevent the inhalers of the gas from too ready access to the ladies; who are advised, as they enter, to place themselves upon the hindmost seats—that they may be out of harms way. When the doctor has descanted, at sufficient length, upon the nature and properties of the nitrous oxide; and exhibited a number of unimportant experiments, to which very little attention is paid by his auditors, who come rather to see—than to hear; he begins to perceive the impatience, particularly of the female part of the company, and he proposes to deliver ten or twelve tickets, regularly numbered, to so many young gentlemen who may have a mind to inhale the exhilarating gas. The pit is now cleared for action, and the first on the list, stepping eagerly forward (if he has ever taken it before) receives

—as it stands at the corner of a street, being two portraits of WASHINGTON, one facing each way, taken at the time, and very well taken too, from the celebrated picture of *Gabriel Stuart*—the first repetition of which is now deposited in the Academy of Fine Arts—The other, stands at the end of a street called Minor-street—a private, though ample passage, thrown out from the front lots, between Market and Chesnut-streets, for the sake of accommodating their opulent owners with stables. Here WASHINGTON kept the fine set of coach-horses, and the hunters, of which he was so fond; and I now perfectly remember seeing the old General stand there, on the pavement, in his dressing-gown and slippers, on the morning of his departure for Mount Vernon, on the voluntary resignation of his second presidency. He was looking about him, as if taking leave of the premises, with all the dignity of attitude, and composure of sentiment, for which he was so remarkable; and I shall ever regret that I suffered the too highly polished restraints of civilized society to prevent me from saluting him (because we had never met each other in private life) with the parting blessings of his—*then grateful country.*

a large bladder, inflated with the proper portion of nitrous oxide.

On the present occasion the first practitioner was a fine youth of fifteen, who inhaled the gas with spirited avidity—suddenly threw away the bag, with an air of triumphant disdain, and began to march about the inclosure with dramatic strides, until coming close up to the front row, he perceived that one of the persons who sat there held a cane athwart to defend himself from his too near approach. This *offended his pride*—he instantly burst into *a paroxysm of rage*: “That tyrant!” says he, “has seized my cane—deliver it to me!—this—instant!—or—I’ll be the death of you!” At the same moment jumping over the desk, and grappling with the man who had the cane, he overturned every thing that stood in his way, and it required the united efforts of four or five men to hold him down, till the effect of the gas ceased, and he turned round to the company with an air of good-humoured hilarity.

Several others now trod the stage, in turn, with different degrees of animation, or ferocity, dancing, jumping, kicking, fencing, and occasionally boxing any one that stood in their way; when a young man of five and twenty approached the table, inhaled a potent dose of the delicious poison, and began to display its effects upon his frame, by dashing at the candles—driving off the doctor—and, finally, advancing to the company, he threw himself into the most haughty attitude he could assume, and exclaimed, with terrifying emphasis, “Byy hea-“vens!—’Twere nobly done!—To snatch the briidal “honours—from the blaazing sunn!” This violent exertion exhausted the draught he had inhaled. He turn-

ed about as if amazed, and sat quietly down upon a bench that was near him.

I do not recollect any thing more observable, in those that followed, than that an ingenious boy, after amusing the company by his freakish activity, turned suddenly to the doctor, and offered him his hand, saying, "Well, doctor, here I am, at last;" as if he had just come off of a journey, and was glad to see his friends again. Though one sprightly youth danced rapidly round the ring, aiming a kick at one—giving a slap on the face to another—and shaking his fist, at a third; till, finally, throwing himself headlong into the midst of his supposed enemies, he struggled with them for a moment; and then instantly came to himself, without having spoken a single word throughout the whole pantomime: for it is observable on this confined theatre, as well as in that of real life, that the greatest fighters are—*men of few words*—and *no pretensions*.

A powerful young man of six foot, now offered himself at the table, upon which most of those who were on the bench below me decamping, I also thought it most prudent to get out of the way of the first onset, as there was no knowing how furious it might be. He had by this time inhaled his potion, with the most evident signs of delight, and was marching, or rather stamping, along the boards, when he suddenly assumed a fixed posture--faced the company--and with uplifted hands and eyes exclaimed—in a voice of thunder—"Alexander!!!"—This exhausted his strength, and as he fell to the floor, like a log, he cried out, "Lord! deliver us!"

The exhilarating gas was now spent, and I could not but then compare the theoretic rhapsodies to which I had been a witness, to the bombastic effusions of our *western* generals on entering Canada--since the parallel held out so exactly in their falling away, as the supernatural vigour excited by the inflating gas, exhausted itself *in fumo*, leaving upon the escutcheon of their offended country, that stain of pusillanimity, which the blood of LAWRENCE, and ALLEN, and BURROWS, and so many more of our gallant seamen (the last relics of THE WASHINGTON-POLICY) afterward flowed to wash away: for they have been truly said to be obliged to *fight* their way to *favour* with the present *professedly* economical Administration.*

* "If the barbarous and savage policy of Great Britain be pursued, and the Savages let loose to murder our citizens, and butcher our women and children, this war will be a war of *extermination*. The first stroke of the tomahawk, the first attempt with the scalping knife, will be the signal of one indiscriminate scene of desolation. No white man found fighting by the side of an Indian will be taken prisoner; instant destruction will be his lot." [General Hull's proclamation on entering Canada, dated at Sandwich near Detroit, July 12, 1812.]

" Soldiers of the army of the centre.—The time is at hand when you will cross the stream of Niagara, to conquer Canada, and to secure the peace of the American frontier. You will enter a country which is to be one of the United States.—Come on my Heroes! and when you attack the enemy's batteries, let your rallying word be, The cannon lost at Detroit—or death." [General Smyth's address to his army previous to entering Canada—Camp near Buffalo, Nov. 17, 1812.]

These military swaggerers, however, have been far outdone by the more ferocious zealots in congress: Mr. Williams, for instance; who (before the declaration of war) wished that he could command the red artillery of Heaven, to drive from her moorings the fast anchored Isle. While Peter B. Porter talked, like an experienced savage, of making a war feast, and spreading a table for the guests. Nay Wright (sometime governor of the highly respectable state of Maryland) and Troup of Georgia, had the treasonable audacity (in defiance of the constitution) to propose to subject their fellow citizens to the

But on my return to my chambers, and when I laid myself down to sleep, between sleeping and waking, I carried the comparison further. It appeared to me as though the United States of America, in congress assembled, had inhaled an imprudent portion of the exhilarating gas, which they were now actually breathing forth again—in defiance of God and man. The gallant youth, who swore *that the tyrant had got his cane, and that he would be the death of him, but he would have it again*, reminded me of our pertinacious determination to have every thing yielded up to us that we contend for. The blustering bravado of the young man that cried,

“ ’Twere nobly done!—

“ To snatch the bridal honours from the blazing sun!”

appeared to tally with sufficient exactness to our occasional threats to *sweep every sea, and exclude the navy of Great Britain from the ocean.* And the pathetic exclamation of him who invoked the name of ALEXANDER, as he was falling to the ground, with *utter imbecility*, bore too striking an allusion to be mistaken to our flattering prospect of an eventual accommodation, through the friendly interference of the Deliverer of Europe.—

It grieves me to expose the nakedness of MY COUNTRY—in a state of political intoxication; and I would not—unnecessarily—hurt the feelings of *the least* of her well meaning PUBLIC FUNCTIONARIES.—If I have probed to the quick, *the wounds of the daughter of my*

operation of MARTIAL LAW; and to threaten to have recourse to a MILITARY CONSCRIPTION, if the ranks of our army—in *the crusade against Canada*—could not otherwise be filled.

people, and laid open her bruises, and her putrifying sores; it is not to aggravate—but *to heal:* “ Faithful are the wounds of a friend.”—[Proverbs xxvii. 6.]

These apparently “dazzling miracles,” however to recur to the motto of my paper, are yet capable of an easy solution, for nothing can be more natural than that the minds of young men, in a state of inconceivable excitation, should turn upon the recollected injuries of their country—its adventurous expeditions—or the inspiring prospects of its returning prosperity. Yet the probability of this singular chain of historical coincidences may well be doubted by others: for I can now scarcely credit my own recollection of it. The whole story, I well know, will be supposed to be nothing more than a waking dream, a political vision: but I have only to refer the sceptic to any one of more than a hundred persons, of both sexes, who were present at the exhibition I have described, for proof that the facts occurred, and that too, in the very order in which I have related them, on the identical evening of the 23rd of February.

But the most important circumstance, in a moral point of view, attending this singular, and highly interesting display of the effect of the nitrous oxide, upon the human mind and body, is the proof it affords of the exact proportions, in which *He who weighs the mountains in scales, and the hills as in a balance,* has allotted the component parts of atmospheric air (twenty-one parts of oxygen, to seventy-nine parts of nitrogen)—inasmuch as it indicates how materially we are acted upon by external circumstances, in this corporeal state of being; and how immediately we depend, even for the

sober use of every faculty we possess, upon the strictly tempered air we breathe! Is there a rational being so fool-hardy as to attribute this harmonious coincidence between the composition of the atmosphere, and the lungs of the animal creation, to the operation of chance? I have too high an opinion of the common sense of mankind to believe that there is *a single one* upon the face of the earth.

I mention not this opinion with any view to the conviction of *professed* atheism (if any such thing there be) for it has always appeared to me, when I have met with abstruse reasonings, intended for this purpose, that it was beating the air, or skirmishing with a phantom. For, whatever some may think, in this age of freedom and infidelity, of the doctrine, truly inconceivable as it is to *human* apprehension, of a particular Providence (*about our bed, and about our paths*) or the mystery of regeneration to eternal life, through the medium of an incarnate Saviour, (in which I most humbly and reverently believe) it is only *the fool*, that *hath said in his heart* “There is no God.”

“ If art to form, and counsel to conduct,
 And that with greater far than human skill,
 Besides not in each block—a GODHEAD reigns.—”
 “ Has matter more than motion? has it thought?”
Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn’d
 In mathematics? Has it fram’d such laws,
 Which but to guess a Newton made immortal?—
 If so, how each sage atom laughs at me,
 Who think a clod inferior to a man!

I know that I am addressing a moral and religious people, who, like myself (though under different names and forms) “ Believe (according to that called the Apos-

tle's Creed, which I shall repeat for the benefit of some of those now in authority, who seem to have lost sight of the *righteousness which exalteth a nation, of temperance, and of judgment to come*) in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth: and in Jesus Christ his only begotten Son, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried: the third day he rose again from the dead, he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father; from whence he shall come *to judge the quick and the dead.*"*

It may be thought strange to urge the influence of religious principles upon national policy (tho' it is certainly more strange that it should be thought so in a Christian country) yet does lord LIVERPOOL, the British premier, think proper to avow the supremacy of the moral principle, even in affairs of state. "God forbid, my lords," says he (in the debate which took place in the upper house, on the answer to the prince regent's speech of the fourth of November) "that I should mean to exclude from our policy principles of justice and morality."† These are not the words of a tyrant, addressed to the *pretended* representatives of a nation of

* See the Confession of Faith of the Anglo-American Episcopal church, in the Book of Common Prayer.

† "I agree most heartily," he continues, "with the noble baron who spoke last, that we should have a general peace, and one founded on principles consistent with justice, to all the powers concerned; not only to friends, but also to our enemies. I would not, my lords, have any thing asked from our enemies (speaking of the French in particular) which we ourselves, in similar circumstances, would refuse. On these principles it is that I ask for the support of parliament, and of the country; and, acting on these principles, we hope, under the blessing of God, to bring the contest to a happy termination."

slaves—*vox, et præterea nihil*—like the *post-antedated* repeal of the Berlin and Milan derees. They are sentiments of truth and honour—pledged for *actual* observance before the high-minded aristocracy of a free and generous people (*from whom we have the honour to be descended*) and who, like ourselves, have *spirit enough, and virtue enough to insist* upon the redemption of the pledge, *should Administration be disposed to prevaricate.*

In strict conformity to these dignified professions was the late overture for peace, instituted by lord CASTLEREAGH, the minister for foreign affairs—the *most direct* proposals, for which desirable purpose, were sullenly rejected by our present administration, for those which were *least so*; and a mission to Gottenburgh (an inconvenient, and, in the winter season, almost inaccessible port-town, at the entrance of the Baltic) preferred to an immediate negociation at London; which might have prevented all occasion for the fruitless waste of blood and treasure, which will be the consequence of another campaign, if a peace shall have been made in Europe. Peace or no peace, nothing will serve our rulers but another march to Canada. Alas! that we, the people of America (indisputably a moral people in the management of our private eonecerns, whatever our loving friend Napoleon may insolently say to the contrary) should be outdone by our enemies in acknowledging the obligation of the simple rule of “*Doing to others as we would they should do unto us.*”

“ Our present schemes are too profound,
For Machiavel himself to sound;
And annual taxes must suffice
The current blunders to disguise.”

No negociation for peace is very likely to end in accommodation, which is not preceded by a cessation of arms; but the fortunate general ARMSTRONG must have another chance for taking Quebec (or taking Boston) at the head of an army of sixty thousand men, whilst the roundabout mission to Gottenburgh is deferring the promised peace—

“ Till his crude schemes in air are lost,
And millions scarce defray the cost.

Great knaves, of old, their power have fenc'd
By places, pensions, bribes, dispens'd;
By these they gloried in success,
And impudently dar'd oppress:
By these despoticly they sway'd,
And slaves extoll'd the hand that paid—
Nor parts nor genius were employ'd,
By these alone were realms *destroy'd.*”

“ God forbid!” I repeat the expression (whether the present negociation shall end in peace or war) our departure as a nation, from the just principles that would bind us as individuals, by blindly adopting the truly savage practice of retaliation; which revenges upon the innocent the sins of the guilty, and is therefore only to be palliated by the usage of the most barbarous ages.* Could it have been believed, three years ago,

* Take a single instance of the natural course of this current of blood when once it is inconsiderately unstopped: “ Hitherto,” says monsieur Du Clos, in his interesting History of Louis the Eleventh of France, “ the life of the duke of Burgundy [Charles the Bold, the ravager of Europe, or the Napoleon Bonaparte of the fifteenth century] has been a continued train of battles, or rather of rash headstrong attempts, followed sometimes with success, which served only to *push him towards the precipice, down which he is going to be hurried.* Heaven sometimes pours down vengeance upon princes,

that the elective government of America would so much as *threaten* to adopt this interminable process of infuriate vengeance? How *passing* strange, that men, amiable and humane in private intercourse, when

“ Dress’d in a little *brief* authority,
Play such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
Would make e’en angels weep!”

in full measure; and **Gon**, in punishing their crimes, discharges the whole weight of his indignation with visible marks of resentment; making them examples of his justice to those very nations, among whom they ought to have shone out patterns of virtue.

“ The duke of Burgundy, whose restless disposition, and savage valour, were ever furnishing him with motives to war, turned his arms against the Switzers, under pretence of their having promoted the revolt in Ferette, and committed some hostilities in the territories of the count de Romont, his ally. Never was a war so fatal in its consequences, undertaken upon slighter grounds. The quarrel arose upon occasion of a cart-load of sheepskins, belonging to a merchant of Switzerland, which the count de Romont had caused to be seized, in consideration of some claims he had upon him. The Switzers left no means untried to soften the duke and bring him to reason. *They offered to make restitution* of whatever had been taken from the count de Romont. They represented that he could draw no advantage from the conquest of Switzerland, and that the very bridles of his army were worth more than their whole country. But neither the submission of the Switzers, nor the advice of his wisest officers, could make any impression on the duke’s ambition. The taking of Nancy, and some other slight advantages, gained upon his first entering Switzerland, made him believe that all must receive law from him. Already he had conquered, in imagination, all the states and principalities around him, and formed the project of carrying his victorious arms into Italy.

“ The duke, laying siege to Granson, took it, and obliged the garrison, which consisted of five hundred men, to surrender at discretion. Some historians pretend that there was a capitulation, by which the Switzers were to march out safe and unhurt; but the duke, no less barbarous than perfidious, delivered them into the hands of his camp-marshal, who ordered *four hundred of them to be hanged upon trees, and the remaining hundred to be drowned*.

“ The Switzers, who had armed in great haste, were advancing to succour Granson, when they received accounts of that town’s being taken: probably they would not have dared to continue their march further; but the duke himself approached, with his army, to meet them. Nay, he committed a still greater fault, upon this occasion; for, instead of keeping the plain, where

yet is it stranger still, that accountable creatures, who do not disbelieve their Bibles, and who must therefore expect, *in trembling hope*, a future reckoning with their Creator—a state of eventual rewards and punishments, according to their deeds, will hazard the salvation of their souls in becoming instrumental to the perpetration of national atrocities; although plainly assured, from authority which they neither doubt nor deny, that “*Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished.*”

As was predicted, in vain, on the re-election of James Madison to the presidency, this once happy, peaceful land is now surrounded by enemies on every side: “Powerful navies blockade every harbour upon our long-drawn coast; a mongrel population of inimical

victory must unavoidably have declared for him, he resolved, contrary to the opinion of all his officers, to *enter the defiles* by which the enemy was to advance. Accordingly, he put himself at the head of a select body of horse, and charged their first battalions. The Switzers stood firm, and the duke, who had engaged rashly, not being supported, was obliged to retire in order to rally his men, and give the rest of the army time to come up. The Switzers took advantage of this disorder, and pressed him with so much vigour, that his first line was totally routed. Upon this the terror became general; for the front ranks being driven back upon those that stood next them, and they again upon the others that followed in order, the whole army was dissipated and broken; and the duke himself, so intrepid on all occasions [like Bonaparte from the gates of Leipsic] fled as far as Nonroy. His fool, nicknamed *Le Glorieux*, who had often heard him speak of the valour of Hannibal, cried out, as they fled: *Here we run, sir, like true Hannibals.* The loss, however, was not so great as the fright; but all the baggage, the tents, provision, artillery, and the duke's rich furniture, which he had brought with him to make a display of his grandeur and wealth to foreigners, fell into the enemy's hands.

“The conquerors retook Granson, and some other fortresses, which the duke had made himself master of before the hattle, and taking down the bodies of their compatriots, *hung up as many Burgundians in their stend.*” [Hist. of Louis XI. vol. 1, p. 154.]

French and Spaniards inhabits our southern frontier—an enemy, rendered *truly savage* by our unjustified incursions, now encroaches, in turn, upon the boundless western border; and a nation of brother settlers to the north, we have converted into implacable enemies, by an unprovoked and unsuccessful invasion."

Unheard of taxes are levied to pay the interest, *only*, of incredible loans; commerce is annihilated, and with it the duties upon imports, which used to be, alone, sufficient to defray the expenses of government, and to pay off, annually, a portion of the debt incurred in the virtuous struggle for independence. We have thoughtlessly *ripped up the hen that laid our golden eggs*—a free and prosperous intercourse with every corner of the globe, for the beneficial interchange of mutual wants and supplies; and we must now, instead of profiting by Mr. JAY's treaty, which was deliberately ratified by the *paternal* signature of our PATRIOT CHIEF, prosecute, *to our own destruction*, Mr. MADISON'S WAR, under the direction of the ex-president, JEFFERSON—who rules us *with a rod of iron*—by a hand unseen.*

Oh!—if

"The sleepy drench"

Benumb not—still—

Awake! arise!—or be forever *fall'n*.

* IN SENATE, February 22d.

"The senate resumed the consideration of the bill to provide for the return home of vessels detained in other ports of the United States, by the embargo.

"The question recurred on the amendment proposed to the bill by Mr. DANA, on the 16th inst. viz. 'That nothing in the act shall be construed to prevent the people of any *one state* from carrying on trade *between places within the same state*,' which was determined *in the negative*. Yeas 7, nays 12.

The new commissioners so unpopularly and imprudently selected, have just taken their departure for Gottenburgh; congress are breaking up, after passing the army bill, the loan bill, &c. &c. The president apparently conceives himself—*in the full tide of successful experiment*, and if there is not now an expression of public sentiment—simultaneous and unequivocal throughout the Atlantic states, in favour of an honourable peace, to be established on the broad basis of reciprocal claims—and concessions—of mutual demands—and compliances, the present weak and palpably inefficient administration, under the absolute control of the western interest (as too plainly appears by all the recent appointments to public service) will find means to protract the negotiation, perhaps to defeat it altogether; and then the bones of thousands, and tens of thousands of our unfortunate countrymen will bleach for ages upon the Plains of Abraham, as do those of British grenadiers, and Scotch highlanders, upon *Braddock's field*, the melancholy theatre of the early prowess of **WASHINGTON, THE WELL BELOVED.** The pusillanimous and mistaken policy (if policy it be—and not rather a mere struggle between the demagogues of democracy, self-styled republicans, for the preservation of power, or the acquisition of place) of a perpetual embargo, locking up from the beneficial purposes of private industry the *hundred* ports and harbours, with which Nature, that benevolent parent has so liberally provided our extensive coast—will be continued—perhaps till it is indignantly shaken off by the people themselves.

It is time for the *President* of these *United States* to remember, that he is the elective magistrate of *a free*

and independent people; into the midst of whom he must hope to return (if he should be favoured with length of days) to spend the sober evening of life—as a private citizen—witnessing the effects of his own measures upon posterity—*whether they be good, or whether they be evil.* How gladly would he then exchange the loudest plaudits of the interested sycophants by whom he is now surrounded for the simple approbation of his conscience and his country.

It is time for JAMES MADISON—the sleeping Samson that should have judged the tribes of Israel—from *Dan to Beersheba*; instead of wasting his strength as *in the valley of Sorek*, to awake from the lap of his *Deli-lah*; and, bursting asunder the inglorious bands, with which *he has been bound by uncircumcised Philistines*, to prove to his country, and the world, that he is desirous of the peace of America, by candidly acceding to the proposed accommodation.

Our worthy ancestors, from Maine to Georgia, called England their “Mother Country,”—she was so denominated by BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, GEORGE WASHINGTON, ROBERT MORRIS, HENRY LAURENS, and their contemporaries, and coadjutors—men,

“ — with whom compar’d, our insect tribes
Are but the beings of a summer’s day.—
They held the scale of empire, rul’d the storm
Of mighty war; then, with unwearyed hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seiz’d
The plough, and greatly independent liv’d.”

England was indeed literally *the Mother country* of those great and good men, or their progenitors---the pride and boast of America: yet is it time, I agree, for

us their descendants, and successors, to disclaim the Provincial phraseology.

The United States of America no longer stand in the relation to Britain, of parent and child; the two nations are now TWIN BROTHERS, from the same PARENT STOCK; and a noble stem it is, on which to hang the pageants of honourable ancestry. We are equally descended from the DRAKES and the RALEIGHS, the LOCKES and the PENNS; and the dear-bought reputation of HULL and DECATUR, of BAINBRIDGE and PERRY, entitle us to the proud claims of *equal rights* and *equal honours*, with that haughty nation, which had so long wielded the trident of Neptune, and held herself, *without a rival*, in the empire of the sea. Neither America nor Britain have any thing to gain by the *present* truly *unprofitable* contest; and it may be predicted, without pretending to the gift of prophecy, that in any *future* war, which may unhappily take place between the two countries—the *dream of glory* may be adjudged to *either*: but the interpretation of it will be—to the enemies of both.



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Accession no. 21822

A ^{Author} cursory glimpse
of the state of the
union...1814

Call no.

Anesthesia

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